



In the Santa Rosa Mountains

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A MEXICAN RUALE OR MOUNTED POLICEMAN

JUST imagine yourself getting ready for a hunt into a fine territory where game is plentiful. This is just what happened to our party, composed of Bob Hall, Louis Martin, Ye Scribbler, "Slow" Coatswright (teamster) and Henry the cook.

We left Del Rio on the morning of the 28th of November and passed over into Mexico through the little town of Las Vacas where we had to go through a rigid examination, such as paying duty on merchandise, ammunition and bonding our horses and outfit.

We passed San Lorenzo about 12 miles out from Las Vacas, this place being the headquarters ranch for the pastures which contain the cattle of Gen. Lorenzo Gonzales Trevento. This place is stocked mostly with well-bred steers which come up to the standard along with our American cattle.

After traveling about 15 miles and still in this pasture we stopped and "nooned it" as grass was fine and our horses certainly relished the feed. Bob, Louis and myself were riding horseback and of course this made the trip more enjoyable as we could skim along the side of the road and hunt and in this manner we kept the outfit well supplied with game while on the move. That day we nooned at Tienete Lake, where we killed several ducks, but did not tarry long enough to have them for dinner. After a good dinner we felt much better, so were up and away as we wanted to get to the mountains where game was plentiful. That evening we arrived at Sorro or Fox Creek where we



READY FOR A DAY'S HUNT

casions we had to walk and lead our horses so as to pass over some of the roughest places. The dogs finally stopped our panther and as I was ahead I located him first sitting on a rock upon the side of a big bluff, so, taking no chances as to his getting away, I let go at him, striking him in the stomach. This shot knocked him off the rock but did not kill him. He rolled down among the dogs and business was good for a few minutes, but Mr. Panther was getting weak and could not hold out any longer, so turned in his checks. We measured him to be 8 feet 2 inches from tip to tip. Good size, don't you think?

Next morning Bob killed two fine bucks and I killed one. Louis and myself started up to top of the mountain, which only looked to be about a mile distant, but we were four hours going to the top. Here we had some great sport shooting black-tail deer, as they were plentiful and one could get such good long range shots, which were the kind we wanted as they afforded the greater sport. Killing deer in this way was too easy, as they were plentiful and could be had most any time.

On the top and sides of these mountains one finds juniper trees covered with berries, white and red oak, two kinds of cedar and scrub oak or "shiner," besides numerous other trees. Wild pears seem to thrive there also. All the deer killed on these mountains were fat and as fine flavored meat as one could wish.

After wandering around over these mountains till about 3 p. m. we decided to return to camp. We reached camp about 7 that evening.

Next day nothing of any interest happened and after deciding to move over to a nearby canyon we broke camp and rode about two miles further where wood was plentiful and where we could find large trees so we could hang the deer, as we wanted to cure the meat.

Returning to camp next morning I found some more good news as Louis had located a bear on top of "Cerro Colorado" and had shot at him, but being so far away did not hit him. This was what we wanted—a bear chase with the dogs. So back to camp came Louis and after a consultation we decided to wait till morning before starting after the bear. The next morning we were away before daylight, Bob and Louis going horseback and leading the dogs while I went afoot up through another canyon and we were to meet at the top at a designated place.

I was about half a mile across a canyon, Louis at another point, Bob at another and Henry, the cook, could not stand the temptation so he had to follow, and was placed at another entrance. During this time the dogs were hot on the trail making good time, and if you have never been in such a suspense as this just try getting on a prominent point overlooking the entrance to several small canyons and in hearing of a good pack of hounds—if you have any sporting blood in your veins it will surely come forth and make you feel for the time being that you are "lord of all you survey." Things had begun to get interesting now as the dogs were getting nearer all the time and each of us expecting the bear to come down through the canyon where we were. Presently Louis heard something that sounded like the exhaust of an automobile, and he knew, just the moment he heard it, that it was the bear breathing, and a fat bear makes an awful breathing noise when tired and hot. Louis made a run over to a small point, as he knew the bear would come in through a small cut, because he could hear the rocks rolling off the side of the hill which was caused by the bear coming down in such haste. When being pursued by a pack of dogs and in close quarters a bear will not run down hill but just puts his head down and forms himself in the shape of a ball and rolls down hill. Rocks half the size of a barrel were falling down these bluffs. Louis rounded the point just in time to intercept Bruin and at a distance of about 30 feet let drive at him with his .30-30, hitting him in the heart. This did not stop him as he rolled and fell along for some 50 feet before stopping. Another shot brought him to a halt. About this time the dogs began to arrive and were pretty much all in, as a run of 6 or 7 miles through so rough a country will tire out the best of them. So back to the horses (a distance of about a mile) we started and after partaking of a lunch and a few minutes rest we were off to bring in the three deer and the bear to camp, as it was getting along about 2 p. m. and we did not want to get caught up in the mountains after dark.



COLLECTION OF SKINS AND SKULLS

found excellent water, but encountered one of the worst gravel beds about 500 yards across, and in crossing this we had to assist the chuck wagon over.

Up bright and early next morning and away in a rush as the mountains were our goal. During this day in the forenoon nothing of any importance happened, but long about sundown business began to pick up. We had just arrived at the Baballos (Horse Creek) and watered our horses and intended going beyond about three miles where grass was good. Just after we crossed this creek I left the wagon and rode out alongside at a distance of about one-half mile. In doing this I was in hopes of finding a deer as the range was fine and prospects good. To my surprise I found something better than a deer, a big black bear. I was about 500 yards from the wagon and upon arriving at the top of a nice smooth knoll I noticed Mr. Bruin and he spied me about the same time. The country was rolling and I was riding an excellent horse, so you can imagine my feelings, as I was confident of having some genuine sport. I tightened up my saddle and looked for my rope, but had left it in the wagon. Without a moment's hesitation I reached for my rifle. Then the race began. This bear was not very fat, and of course could put up a fast race. He made for the side of a nearby hill and it was my intention to head him off to keep him from entering a cave. Giving my horse full rein and extra hard spur thrust I was able to turn Mr. Bear and by doing this I got him started across a somewhat level place. Riding alongside at a distance of about 150 feet I took my first shot, hitting him in the fleshy part of the hind leg, but this seemed only to make Bruin run the faster. Seeing I would have to do better than this I tried to get closer, but could not make it. Taking three more shots I still missed as I was running my horse at full speed and could not hit the mark as readily as if I was standing. At the next shot I was within about 20 feet of the bear and this shot took effect. Just as the bullet hit the bear he wheeled and made direct towards my horse, catching him by the tail. Now, good reader, this may not seem scary, but try it one time and see how your blood circulates. Mine nearly pushed my hair off my head. If I had not been riding a good horse it would have been serious sure enough. My horse realized the position he was in and I had to ride to keep my seat as there was some high jumping and quick work done which all happened in a few minutes. After the bear tore loose from the horse's tail he stumbled over to one side and stood there with his head down, badly wounded. One more shot finished him and I was somewhat glad of it as my blood was pumping wildly and needed a rest after

POSING BEFORE THE SKIN OF A BIG 'BEAR'



AT THE FOOT OF CERRO COLORADO

such strenuous exercise. This took in all about 20 minutes of as fine sport as I have ever had. Was "something out of the ordinary and a little different" and that's what we all want. Bob being nearby came to my assistance and we both placed the bear on my horse and carried it over to the camp where we skinned the pelt.

That evening we camped at El Remado, where the coyotes were very plentiful, but we did not stop early enough to place our traps. We had five well-trained hounds on this trip. The next morning Louis killed a fine specimen of a coyote, large, with fine fur and nice color. That evening we entered "Cibolo" (Buffalo) canyon, which to start with was quit shy of water. Just at the entrance 'tis awfully rough and very slow going, so rather than take chances of a break-down we decided to wait till morning and then get an early start so we could make it through this pass in one day. That day we hunted both sides of the road for "tenah" or pot holes which most generally contain water if one can find one where the cattle cannot reach. Luck was with us as we found one of these "pots" near the road which had sufficient water to water all the horses. The balance of the distance we had to assist the wagon by the aid of the "saddle horses" on account of bad roads and the grade was continually going higher.

That morning Louis killed a deer and the same evening I killed a big black tail buck, very fat and a fine specimen. We only made about ten miles that day but were up early next morning so as to reach the water hole as the water question was something serious and we had to arrange our traveling accordingly. We passed through a grassy strip of about five miles where grass was fine and green. These grass strips seemed to be all through these mountains. I suppose the rains must have fallen in streaks. We reached the water hole and watered the teams and filled kegs. After a consultation we decided to return to the grass to rest the horses and above all try and get some black-tail deer. We reached this grass about noon as it was only about three miles from the watering place. That evening we did not find the deer as expected but were still in good spirits as our horses were doing nicely on the green grass. After deciding to go further into the mountains as the Cerro Colorado (Red Mountain) was our destination, we went back to the water-hole. Bob, Louis and I rode on ahead of the wagon and on the way over there noticed where a panther had followed down the trail to the water-hole. We went on down to the water and watered the dogs and then turned them loose on the panther's trail, as we were anxious for a chase and we had it from the very start. The old dog "Remus" led off followed by the other four; and let me tell you, gentle reader, we had to do some riding go as to keep in touch with them. The going was awfully rough and on several oc-

IN THE LIMELIGHT

CELEBRATES GOLDEN WEDDING



One of America's most picturesque figures celebrated the golden anniversary of his wedding the other day. This man is Joseph H. Choate, the brilliant lawyer, orator and diplomat, who did so much toward increasing American popularity in England while in charge of the American embassy in London.

Joseph Hodges Choate was born in Salem, Mass., in 1832 and comes of a famous legal family, his father, Rufus Choate, being one of the most eminent lawyers of his time. He was educated at Harvard and was admitted to the bar in 1855. While never a politician in the practical sense he always took an active interest in public affairs and during his legal career in New York took a leading part in many of the reform movements.

Fifty years ago Mr. Choate married Miss Caroline D. Sterling of Cleveland. Their married life has been one of happiness. Not long ago some one asked him who he would choose to be if he were not Joseph H. Choate.

"Mrs. Choate's second husband," was his instantaneous reply. At the anniversary celebration, which took place at Naumkeag, near Stockbridge, Mass., were several persons who were present at the wedding 50 years ago. Mr. Choate, because of his unique personality, his exceptional mental and physical endowment and his rare intellectual and social powers, will be remembered as one of our strongest representatives at the British Court. While in England Mr. Choate was a general favorite.

CANADA'S ROYAL GOVERNOR

The Dominion of Canada deeply appreciates the honor which has been conferred on her by the appointment of the Duke of Connaught as governor general and will give his royal highness a most enthusiastic welcome on his arrival. The distinction which is Canada's in having, as a representative of the British throne, an uncle of King George will be more readily understood when it is stated that never before has a prince of the royal blood been sent as governor general to any of the British possessions over the seas. The nearest approach to such distinction was when the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, resided in Canada with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, who was then governor general. The marquis afterward became and is now the Duke of Argyll.



The Duke of Connaught is the only surviving son of Queen Victoria. He was her third son and the seventh of her nine children. His surviving sisters are Helena, Princess Christian; Louise, Duchess of Argyll; and Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenburg. If so good a mother as Queen Victoria justly may be said to have had a favorite son, then Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, was that son, just as the Princess Beatrice may be said to have been her favorite daughter. The duke was born in 1850, shortly after a visit which Queen Victoria made to Ireland, and it is due to an incident of that visit that he bears the name Patrick. In 1897 the duke married the beautiful Princess Louise, of Prussia, second cousin to the present Kaiser. He has three children.

MAY HEAD CHINESE REPUBLIC



Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the Chinese reformer, who was banished from the empire not long ago and is now in the United States, is believed to be slated for the presidency of the republican government when the Chinese revolutionists can take time enough from fighting to organize. There is said to be a standing offer from the Peking government of \$50,000 for the body of Sun Yat Sen, dead or alive.

Each succeeding day has added to the gravity of the situation in China. The imperial government, having discovered that the usual methods used in uprisings throughout the empire are entirely inadequate in this case, has gotten down to the business of real warfare. But the misjudgment of the situation, and the consequent delay in real repressive measures, have given the revolutionists an opportunity to become better organized, draw greater forces to its standard and seize more territory.

Yuan Shi Kai, the banished war head who was recalled recently, has accepted the post of viceroy of Hu-Peh and Hu-Nan provinces, to which territory he is directed to proceed and immediately re-establish the imperial authority.

HARVESTER HEAD IS SUED

Clarence S. Funk, general manager of the International Harvester Company, the McCormick's man of business, clubman, churchman and aspirant for the title of one of Chicago's leading citizens, was recently sued by John Henning, who asks \$25,000 damages on the claim that Funk has alienated the affections of his wife, Josephine Henning. To say that the suit created a sensation is to put it mildly. Funk has recently been before the public of Chicago in so-called moral uplift movements, which well befitted a man of church professions, and his talk of furthering such causes has made him more or less well known to the newspaper public, consequently when the suit was filed it caused wide interest. Mr. Funk entered a denial, emphatic and vigorous as it was possible for a man to make. It is said Mr. Funk first saw and admired Mrs. Henning while she worked in the Auditorium Annex cafe. Mrs. Henning is said to be not only good looking but a real beauty.



Clarence S. Funk is sufficiently in the public eye to warrant the sensation caused by the John Henning's charges. He is widely known as the General manager of the International Harvester Company and has been a familiar figure at Washington, and at Springfield, and in the capitals of other states in Chicago he is prominent in many ways. He is married and lives in the suburbs of Oak Park. He is known as an active church worker. He has had a Bible class in the First Congregational church and is active in the Y. M. C. A., where last winter he delivered a series of talks to the young men on "Business and Christianity."